

Making Kate a Pair of Shoes

MAKING KATE A PAIR OF SHOES 5110 A2

Myra Pitkin Arvin, 1941

As I went down to New Orleans I went out on the landing I run against a bale of cotton It
set me up a-standing.

Thum fol die-o-day Thum fol derry Thum fol die-o-day Kate you are my darling.

Making Kate a pair of shoes Out of the best of leather Bind them with my rockerette And
make them last forever.

Thum fol die-o-day Thum fol derry Thum fol die-o-day Kate you are my darling.

If ever I marry in all this world I'll marry for love not riches I'll marry a woman fifteen feet
high So she cannot wear my britches.

Thum fol die-o-day Thum fol derry Thum fol die-o-day Kate you are my darling.